To signifie thou camst to bite the world,
And if the rest be true that I haue heard,
Thou camst into the world He stabs him.
Glo. Die prophet in thy speech, *Ile* heare
No more, for this amongst the rest, was I ordainde.
Hen. I and for much more slaughter after this.
O God forgiue my sinnes, and pardon thee. He dies.
Glo. What? will the aspiring bloud of *Lancaster*
Sinke into the ground, *I* had thought it would haue
mounted,
See how my sword weepes for the poore kings death.
Now maie such purple teares be alwaies shed,
For such as seeke the downefall of our house.
If anie sparke of life remaine in thee,
Stab him againe.
Downe, downe to hell, and saie I sent thee thither.
I that haue neither pittie, loue nor feare.
Indeed twas true that *Henry* told me of,
For *I* haue often heard my mother saie,
That I came into the world with my legs forward,
And had I not reason thinke you to make hast,
And seeke their ruines that vsurpt our rights?
The women wept and the midwife cride,
O *Iesus* blesse vs, he is borne with teeth.
And so I was indeed, which plainelie signifide,
That *I* should snarle and bite, and plaie the dogge.
Then since Heauen hath made my bodie so,
Let hell make crookt my mind to answere it.
I had no father, I am like no father,
I haue no brothers, *I* am like no brothers,
And this word *Loue* which graybeards tearme diuine,

Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me, I am my selfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keptst me from the light,
But I will sort a pitchie daie for thee.
For I will buz abroad such prophesies,
As *Edward* shall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
Henry and his sonne are gone, thou *Clarence* next,
And by one and one I will dispatch the rest,
Counting my selfe but bad, till *I* be best.
Ile drag thy bodie in another roome,
And triumph *Henry* in thy daie of doome.
Exit.

Enter king *Edward*, *Queene Elizabeth*, and a Nurse with the young prince, and *Clarence*, and *Hastings*, and others.

Edw. Once more we sit in Englands royall throne,
Repurchasde with the bloud of enemies,
What valiant foemen like to *Autumnes* corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of *Summerset*, three fold renowmd
For hardie and vndoubted champions.
Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the sonne,
And two *Northumberlands*, two brauer men
Nere spurd their coursers at the trumpets sound.
With them the two rough Beares, *Warwike* and
Montague,
That in their chaines fettered the kinglie Lion,
And made the Forrest tremble when they roard,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry VI. Part 3* (STC 21006) LONDON, 1595 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G f.1) Octavo